

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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DESIRE OF GOD

Oh, for freedom, for freedom in worshipping
God—

For the mountain-top feeling of generous souls,
For the health, for the air, of the hearts deep and
broad,
Where grace not in rills but in cataracts rolls!

Most good is the brisk, wholesome service of fear,
And the calm, wise obedience of conscience is
sweet;

And good are all worships, all loyalties dear,
All promptitudes fitting, all services meet.

But none honors God like the thirst of desire,
Nor possesses the heart so completely with
Him;

For it burns the world with the swift ease of fire
And fills life with good works till it runs o'er
the brim.

Then pray for desire: for live's wistfulest yearning,

For the beautiful pining of holy desire;
Yes, pray for a soul that is ceaselessly burning
With the soft fragrant flames of this thrice
happy fire.

For the heart only dwells—truly dwells—with its
treasure

And the languor of love captive hearts can un-
fetter;

And they who love God cannot love Him by
measure,

For their love is but hunger to love Him still
better.

Is it hard to love God, timid soul? Hast thou
found

Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on
thy way?

All the hard would be easy, the tangles unwound,
Would'st thou only desire, as well as obey.

For the lack of desire is the ill of all ills;
Many thousands through it the dark pathway
have trod;

The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills
Is a jubilant pining and longing for God.

'Tis a fire that will burn what thou canst not pass
over;

'Tis a lightning that breaks away all bars to
love;

'Tis a sunbeam the secrets of God to discover;

'Tis the wing David prayed for—the wing of
the Dove.

—*F. W. Faber.*

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

(*First Corinthians, chapter xiii*)

EVERYONE has asked himself the great ques-
tion. What is the supreme good? You have
life before you. Once only can you live it.
What is the noblest object of desire?

We have been accustomed to be told that the
greatest thing in the religious world is faith.
Well, we are wrong. Paul says: "If I have all
faith, so that I can remove mountains, and have
not love, it profiteth me nothing." So far from
forgetting, he deliberately contrasts them:
"Now abideth faith, hope, love," and without a
moment's hesitation the decision falls—"the
greatest of these is love." A man is apt to rec-
ommend to others his own strong point, but love
was not Paul's strong point. The observing stu-
dent can detect a beautiful tenderness growing
and ripening all through his character as Paul
gets old; but the hand that wrote "the greatest
of these is love," when we meet it first, is stained
with blood.

Nor is Paul's letter to the Corinthians peculiar
in singling out love as the highest good. The
masterpieces of Christianity are agreed about it.

Peter says: "Above all things, have fervent love among yourselves." And John goes farther: "God is love." And you remember the profound remark which Paul makes elsewhere: "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Did you ever think what he meant by that? In those days men were working their passage to heaven by keeping the Ten Commandments and the hundred and ten other commandments which they had manufactured out of them. Christ said, I will show you a more simple way. If you love, you will fulfill the whole law.

And you can readily see for yourselves how that must be so. Take any of the commandments—"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." If a man really love God, you will not require to tell him that. Love is the fulfilling of that law. "Take not His Name in vain." Would a man ever dream of taking His Name in vain, if he loved Him? "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Would he not be glad to have one day in seven to dedicate more exclusively to the object of his affection? Love would fulfill all these laws regarding God.

And so, if he loved his fellow man,—his "neighbor,"—you would not need to tell him to honor his father and mother; he could not do anything else! It would be preposterous to tell him not to kill. You could only insult him if you suggested that he should not steal—how could he steal from those he loved? Love is the fulfilling of the law. It is the rule for fulfilling all rules, the "new commandment" for fulfilling all the old commandments—Christ's one secret of the Christian life. Paul had learned that.

In three verses, very short, Paul gives us an amazing analysis of what this supreme love is. Will you observe what its elements are? Notice that they have common names; that they are virtues which we hear about every day; that they are things which can be practised by every man in every place in life. They are:

Patience: "Love suffereth long,"

Kindness: "and is kind";

Generosity: "Love envieth not,"

Humility: "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,"

Courtesy: "Doth not behave itself unseemly,"

Unselfishness: "Seeketh not her own,"

Good temper: "Is not easily provoked,"

Guilelessness: "Thinketh no evil,"

Sincerity: "Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

The business of our lives is to have these things fitted into our characters. That is the supreme work to which we need to address ourselves in this world—to learn *Love*. If a man does not exercise his arm, he develops no biceps muscle; if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre, no

beauty of spiritual growth. Love is not just a thing of enthusiastic emotion; it is a rich, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole round Christian character—the Christlike nature in its fullest development. And the constituents of this great character are to be built up only by ceaseless practice.

Do not quarrel with your lot in life. Do not complain of its never-ceasing cares, its petty environment, the vexations you have to stand, the small and sordid souls you have to live with and work with. That is the practice which God appoints you.

"We love . . . because He first loved us." That is the cause. *Because* He first loved us, we love Him, we love all men. Our heart is slowly changed. There is no other way; you cannot love "to order." You can only look at the lovely object, and fall in love with it, and grow into likeness with it. Love begets love. The love of God melts down the unlovely heart in man, and begets in him the new creature who is patient and humble and gentle and unselfish. We love others, we love everybody, we love our enemies—because He first loved us.—*Abridged from Henry Drummond.*

Everything in the dear old village seemed the same to Giles after his absence of four years as a prisoner of war in Germany. The old church, the village pump, the ducks on the green, the old men smoking their pipes while the women talked,—it was so restful after the treatment he had received at the hands of the enemy. Suddenly he missed something. "Where's Hodge's other windmill?" he asked in surprise. "I can only see one mill, and there used to be two." The native gazed thoughtfully around as if to verify the statement. Then he said slowly: "They pulled one down. There wasn't enough wind for two of 'em!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

This is the thing that I know,—and which, if you labor faithfully, you shall know also,—that in *reverence* is the chief joy and power of life. Reverence for what is pure and bright in your own life; reverence for what is true and tried in the lives of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die.—*John Ruskin.*

There is no harder shield for the devil to pierce with temptation than singing with prayer.

Consecration is going out into the world where God Almighty is, and using every power for His glory.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When anyone writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

OFFERS

*The following are offered by All Souls Branch, New York.
Please address Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street,
Montclair, New Jersey:*

Lessons for the Sunday Kindergarten: Ruth C. Weatherbee
Book of Common Prayer
New Testament
Bible News or, Sacred Truths relating to the Living God: Noah Worcester
Epistle of Paul to the Romans: A. A. Livermore
The Church and the Man: Donald Hankey
Lays of the Gospel: S. G. Bulfinch
Hymnal: (Compiled by) Mrs. T. C. Williams
Discourses and Essays on Theological and Speculative Topics: Rev. Stephen Farley
In His Name: E. E. Hale
In His Steps: Chas. M. Sheldon
Religion of the Dawn: Chas. E. St. John
The Spark in the Clod: J. T. Sunderland
Three Gates on a Side, and other Sermons: Charles H. Parkhurst
Pilgrim's Progress: John Bunyan
Elegy in a Country Church-Yard: Gray
The Simple Life: Charles Wagner
The Man without a Country: E. E. Hale
Friendship: Essays by Cicero and Emerson
Lectures to Young Men: Wm. G. Eliot
Path on the Rainbow—Anthology of Songs and Chants from the Indians of North America
Masters of Men: Morgan Robertson
Rasselas: Samuel Johnson
Verses: Susan Coolidge
The Man from God's Country: M. P. Montague

Poems, Plays, and Essays: Oliver Goldsmith
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Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson: by his Widow
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Story of Cooperstown: Ralph Birdsall
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Premier Livre de français pour adultes
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Cotta'scher Musen-Almanach für das Jahr 1896
Der Pathe des Todes: Rudolf Baumbach
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God's Man (a novel): Geo. Bronson-Howard
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Edwin Booth: Lawrence Hutton
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The Table: How to buy food, how to cook and
how to serve it: A. Filippini
Itinerary of a Breakfast: By J. H. Kellogg
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Walker
Jewel—A Chapter in Her Life: Clara Louise Burn-
ham
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naise.' Alphonse Daudet (in one vol.)
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Dickens [in 1 vol., no title-page]
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Douglas
Trilby (a novel): George Du Maurier
Inn of Tranquillity: John Galsworthy
Mosses from an Old Manse: Hawthorne
The Old Manse and a few mosses: Hawthorne
(paper)
Tanglewood Tales: Hawthorne
A Spirit in Prison: Robert Hitchens
Homestead on the Hillside: Mary J. Holmes

Tempest and Sunshine: Mary J. Holmes
Last Days of Pompeii (Vol. I only)
Hyperion: Longfellow
To Have and to Hold: Mary Johnston
From Out the Vasty Deep: Mrs. Belloc Lowndes
The Four Feathers: A. E. W. Mason
The Conquering of Kate: J. P. Mowbray
A Prince of Sinners: E. P. Oppenheim
Her Letters: C. de Fonte Orr
The Golden Web: Anthony Partridge
Under Two Flags: Ouida
23½ Hours' Leave: Mary R. Rinehart
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde: R. L. Stevenson
Treasure Island: Stevenson
Uncle Tom's Cabin: Stowe
That Affair at The Cedars: Thayer Lee
Whip and Spur: Geo. E. Waring, Jr.
Lady Baltimore: Owen Wister
The Premier and the Painter: I. Zangwill

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. M. E. Hastings, Hale Center, Texas,
Star Route, Box 72, would like to receive the
Cheerful Letter.
2. Mrs. D. H. Hartsoeg, Jefferson, N. C., will
be pleased with quilt scraps or reading.
3. Mrs. C. P. Ross, Peachland, N. C., R. 1,
asks for reading for herself and a boy of 13, also
for girls whose ages are not given.
4. Miss Grace Womac, Calhoun, Tenn., R. 2,
wishes to thank those who have remembered her
and hopes for a continuance. She has tried to
answer those who have sent to her, but addresses
on some parcels were torn off.
5. Mrs. Charlie Merriman, Bassett, Va., asks
for quilt scraps.
6. Mrs. Rosa Brooks, Tuckerdale, N. C., sends
thanks for the reading sent her and wants all to
know how much she has appreciated it. She
says: "May God bless you for the happiness you
have brought me and my family."
7. Mrs. Walter Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.,
asks for a dictionary, also reading for her hus-
band, who is an invalid.
8. Mrs. G. A. Taylor, Amherst, Va., R. 2, Box
40, asks for a Bible and quilt scraps.
9. Mrs. C. T. Porter, Sylvester, Ga., R. 4, a
widow with three children (boy 9 years, girls 7
years, and baby 14 months), will be thankful for
cards or little books for them.
10. Mrs. Lelah Mabe, Campbell, N. C., asks
for "St. Elmo," "Tempest and Sunshine," and
quilt scraps.

11. I am the mother of six children living and one little baby boy dead. We do miss him so much! I am a member of the Missionary Baptist Church. My smallest girl, Ada, aged six years, would be glad of cards to play with. My other children are a boy 18 years old, a girl (Ruby) 15, Ross 13, Frank 10, Russell 8. All would be glad of suitable reading. For reference write Rev. J. E. Poteet, Roanoke, Va.—(Mrs.) Walter Jarrett, Bassett, Va., R. 2.

12. Will someone please send me the following books? "Kidnapped," "Colonel Carter's Christmas," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "Simms—the Yemassee," Kipling's "Jungle Book," "Ben Hur," "Gulliver's Travels," "Short Stories in Old Virginia," "Tanglewood Tales," and "Red Rock." I also need a school dictionary. I am going to a mission training school this winter and will appreciate any or all of the books mentioned.—Eva D. Turner, Dodson, Va.

13. I live in the mountains. I have three children—two boys, 7 and 4 years old, and a girl 2 years old. My husband completed high school last March at the Lynn Bachman School at Farner, Tenn. He will leave about the middle of October for Richmond, Va., where he will prepare for the ministry, and it makes it hard on us, for him to manage to get through school and try to furnish for us at home. I am asking for any reading, as we can't afford to buy any. I would also be glad of small story books for the children.—(Mrs.) G. M. Hollenhead, Ironsberg, Tenn.

14. I wish to express my sincere thanks to the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the books, magazines and papers sent me during the past eighteen months. I have enjoyed the reading and have passed a number of them on to other readers. By the kind help of these friends I have started a small circulating library. I will greatly appreciate the continued sending of literature of any kind. Best wishes to all.—Spencer B. Murcer, East Radford, Va.

15. I beg to thank all those who have sent me books, magazines, newspapers and cards, and I hope that they will continue to do it, as I always pass them on. I would like very much to obtain a copy of the book entitled "The Rising Tide of Color." Books on occultism, spiritism, religion, history, travel and astrology will be highly appreciated. Stamp collectors please write, will exchange.—Adolphus Waith, Point Fortin, Trinidad, British West Indies.

16. I am an orphan, working my way through college. I have just finished the first year. If it

is not asking too much, I would like to have any of Shakespeare's works for my very own. Refer to Rev. J. B. Hurly, Burlington, N. C.—Grace Ross, 308 Ireland Street, Burlington, N. C.

17. Some years ago there came into my possession Jonathan Edwards' book upon "The Will." Since then I have cravings to know more of that remarkable man. I should be very much gratified to have "The Life of Jonathan Edwards" by Dr. S. E. Dwight. Edwards' writings doubtless are very little read in these times. Possibly this life of Edwards could be found in some second-hand bookstore. I feel grateful to *Cheerful Letter* friends who have sent me magazines and books, which our household reads, and others also.—Frederick W. Keene, 501 Cleveland Street, Raleigh, N. C.

18. Mrs. Nellie Sizer, Rhoadesville, Va., has started a bird club with a book sent her daughter by a correspondent. Ten little girls of the neighborhood belong to the club. They would be glad of more books.

19. Please advise all the kind members of the *Cheerful Letter* that have so graciously sent cards, reading and quilt scraps in the past to Bassett, Va., that I have moved to Stuart, Va., R. 1, Box 30. I have sent cards or letters to all those whose addresses were on the parcels. I fear some have been misplaced and I do wish to thank all who have been so kind.—(Mrs.) R. L. Cox, Stuart, Va., R. 1, Box 30.

20. I have greatly appreciated your past favors. I would be glad to have some pieces for patchwork, and good reading, also bits of ribbon. I live in the country. I go to Sunday School every Sunday and like it so much.—Effie P. Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

21. I am asking you to please send me the book, "Robinson Crusoe," by Defoe, and if you grant my request, I shall always remember your kindness. My little brother and sister long for this book too. As soon as it is read by us, we will pass it to others in the community. May God be with you in the great work you are doing.—(Miss) Cleon Bowers, Peachland, N. C., R. 1.

22. I am a little girl of ten and as I have not much money to buy, will be very, very glad to get books, papers, magazines, and I want one book most of all, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." My pastor's name is E. E. Grier, I like to go to church and Sunday School. I am a new beginner with the *Cheerful Letter* and like it fine.—(Miss) Jewell Brake, Rector, Ark.

23. Through your magazine I wish to thank the one who sent me a book entitled "The Christ

Child Tales"; the address was lost while I was sick. If the donor will send me a card with their address I will be glad to write them. The children appreciate the book so much; they even carried it to Sunday School and the teacher read some of the stories to the class.—(Mrs.) W. H. Davis, Spencer, Va.

24. I thank all who have sent us reading. I would like to write each one individually but cannot. I would be glad of magazines, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Needlecraft*, and *Good Housekeeping*. I would certainly love to get quilt pieces of any kind, and knitting yarn, if I am not asking too much.—(Mrs.) B. J. Hall, Dodson, Va.

25. I am a woman with seven children to care for. We are too poor to buy reading, but the children do like to read so well. Will someone please send us some magazines and books? Cards for the small ones will be appreciated. The names are Magdalene (aged 14), Sherman (12), Ruth (10), Thurman (8), Pansy (6), Herman (5), Grace (3). Will be glad of quilt scraps for myself. I give for reference Rev. J. W. Watts, Taylorsville, N. C.—(Mrs.) John Kilby, Boomer, N. C.

26. Drummond's "Ideal Life" in the Memorial Sketches by Ian McClaren, and the "Every Day of Life" by Meyer, are asked for by (Miss) J. D. Holmes, Paro, Ga., R. 2.

27. I am an orphan girl 10 years old. I would love so much to get some books and magazines for myself and my sister, Bosnett (aged 9). My little brothers, Delmos (8) and Fred (5), would be pleased to get funny picture papers, little A B C story books for children or anything that they could play with. I would love to get scraps of silk, velvet, or cotton also if it's not asking too much. We live with our grandpa and he is not able to buy us books and toys. I hope some of the good people will send us something to cheer the lonely hours we have to pass through since dear mamma died. I give as reference Rev. Isaac Watts, Boomer, N. C., R. 2.—Sadie Adams, Boomer, N. C.

THE SOARING LARK

THERE was once a man who had to go on a very long journey, and on his departure he asked his three daughters what he should bring them. The eldest chose pearls, the second diamonds; but the third said, "Dear father, I wish for a singing, soaring lark." The father promised she should have it if he could meet with one, then kissing all three goodbye, he set out.

When the time came for his return, he had bought the pearls and the diamonds for the two elder sisters, but the lark he had sought in vain everywhere; and this grieved him very much, for the youngest daughter was his dearest child. By chance his road led through a forest, in the middle of which stood a noble castle, and near that a tree, on whose topmost bough he saw a singing, soaring lark. So he bade his servant climb the tree and catch the bird. But as soon as they stepped up to the tree, a Lion sprang from behind, shaking his mane and roaring so that the leaves upon the branches trembled. "Who would steal my singing, soaring lark?" cried the beast; "I will eat you up!"

"I did not know," said the man, "that the bird belonged to you. I will repair the wrong with gold—only spare my life."

"Gold is nothing to me," said the Lion. "Your life is spared only on condition that you promise me the first living thing which meets you on your return home. Grant me that, and you may keep not only your life but the lark also."

This seemed to the man a dangerous promise, but he saw no other way of escape, so he took a chance, and promised; then he hurried homeward, carrying the singing, soaring lark. Alas! As he reached his own house, his youngest daughter came running to meet him, delighted by his return and by the sight of the gift she had desired. The poor father could not rejoice at all. He wept, and wept, and was forced to explain about his terrible bargain.

"My beloved child," said he, "this bird I have bought very dear. I was forced to promise you to a fierce Lion, and without doubt he will eat you!" So he begged her not to keep his promise, but to stay safe at home.

The daughter was not afraid. "No, dear father," she comforted him; "you must not break a promise for my sake. I will go to the castle of the Lion and ask for mercy. I am sure his heart will soften, and he will let me return of his own free will."

The next day she said farewell to her father and her sisters, and rode alone on her horse to the castle in the forest. The Lion who was master of the castle came out to meet her, but so kindly and courteously that she had no fear. Other lions walked about the castle too, and bowed respectfully as she went up the grand staircase, and they brought her all kinds of cakes and sugarplums for supper in a beautiful great hall. And, lo and behold! After supper the master Lion changed into his rightful form as a young Prince, the most handsome and graceful of men. He had been bewitched and could not wear his own body by daylight, but after sunset he had his own shape and was a splendid gentleman until the next sunrising. He asked the

maiden to marry him and to be the princess of the castle, and she loved him so much she consented; so the wedding was celebrated with great rejoicing. And they were very happy.

One night the Prince said to his wife, "Tomorrow your eldest sister is to be married at your old home. If you wish to dance at the wedding, you may go, and I will send my attendant lions to care for you on the journey."

"But will you not go with me," asked the bride, "and let my family see that you are indeed a noble husband? I fear they have been believing that you have eaten me."

"That is impossible," replied the enchanted Prince. "We must travel by daylight, and in the daytime I must be a Lion. Moreover, if the light from a burning candle should touch me at night, still worse things would befall: I should be turned into a Dove, and be obliged to fly about the world for seven long years."

"Oh, do go with me," pleaded the loving Princess. "I will explain how good you are while you have to be a Lion by daylight; and I will have a special room made for you to stay in after the candles are lighted for my sister; so no harm can possibly befall."

She had her way, and they went together to the sister's wedding. On their arrival, there was the greatest rejoicing, for everybody had supposed she was eaten long before. And a room was prepared with stout walls and tight windows, in which the Lion-prince might stay after the candles were lighted. But it happened that the last piece of wood used by the carpenter was green and it split, leaving the tiniest of small cracks in the door. And through that crack the gleam of a bridal candle made its way and fell upon the Prince. So, when his wife went to tell him all about the wedding procession, she found no Lion and no handsome husband either, but only a little white dove, flying sadly about the room. And the Dove said to her:—"For seven years I must fly about the world, but at every seventh mile I will let fall a feather. If you follow, and watch for the feathers, you may at last find me when my flight is over."

With these words, the Dove flew out of the door, and she began to follow. At the end of seven miles, she found the first feather lying in the road, so she knew she was going in the right direction; at the end of the next seven miles she found the second feather. And she said to herself, "All will yet be well." So she went on, and on; sometimes the Dove went out of sight in the sky, but every seven miles he dropped a feather, and so she followed half around the world. But then, one day, she found no feather anywhere. She saw no Dove anywhere in the sky. She knew not which way to turn.

"Oh, good Sun," said the Princess, "hast thou

seen a white Dove on the wing? For thou shinest into every valley and over every peak." "No," said the Sun; "but take this little box and open it later if you need help."

She thanked the Sun and walked on until evening, when the Moon appeared. "Oh, Moon," she asked, "hast thou seen a white Dove on the wing? For thou shinest over every field and wood through the night." "No," said the Moon; "but I will give you this egg. Break it if ever you fall into trouble."

She thanked the Moon and walked on till she met the North Wind and she said: "Oh, North Wind, hast thou seen a white Dove on the wing? For thou passest through all the boughs and shakest all the green leaves in the thick forest."

And the North Wind said: "The Dove's seven years of flight are over and your husband is once more a gallant Prince; but he cannot return to you, for he is a prisoner in an enchanted castle and a witch-lady plans to marry him there." And when she heard it, the Princess sat down and wept for a time; but then she recovered her courage and said, "So far as the wind blows and so long as the cock crows, I will travel until I find my dear Prince and bring him safe home." And on she went until she came to the witch's castle.

She knocked at the great door, but they would not let her in, for everybody was busy getting ready for the betrothal of the witch and the Prince. And the Princess knew that the witch must have cast some wicked spell on the Prince to make him forget his own faithful wife. She bethought her of the little box given her by the Sun, and she opened it and found a wonderful gown, all golden and jeweled, and she put it on and knocked again at the door. This time the witch herself came, and seeing the beautiful gown, she longed to have it. "The robe is not for sale," said the sad young wife, "but you may have it as a gift, if you will let me sing to your prince." And the witch consented; but she gave the Prince a drink that closed his eyes and his ears in deep sleep. So, though the Princess sang:

For seven long years I have followed you;
The Sun and the Moon I have asked for you;
And will you then forget me?

He never heard a word of her song. Then the next day the wife cracked the egg that the Moon had given her, and out came a tiny golden hen with twelve golden chickens, the prettiest creatures that ever were seen. These too the witch desired to buy.

"The golden birds are not for sale," said the wife, "but take them as a gift, if I may sing once more to your prince."

This time she begged one of the servants to change the cups that stood by the plates of the

witch and the Prince; and it was the witch who went sound asleep in her chair. Then the wife sang again:

For seven long years I have followed you;
The Sun and the Moon I have asked for you;
And will you then forget me?

And this time her husband heard, and as soon as he heard, he remembered his own faithful wife. So he took her hand, and they ran together out of the witch's palace, and journeyed back to their own home. And there they lived happily all the rest of their days.—*Grimm's Household Stories.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, at 4 East 88th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Ave. and 20th St., New York City.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and forty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.